THE ACORN

ACORN

JUNE '10

ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL.

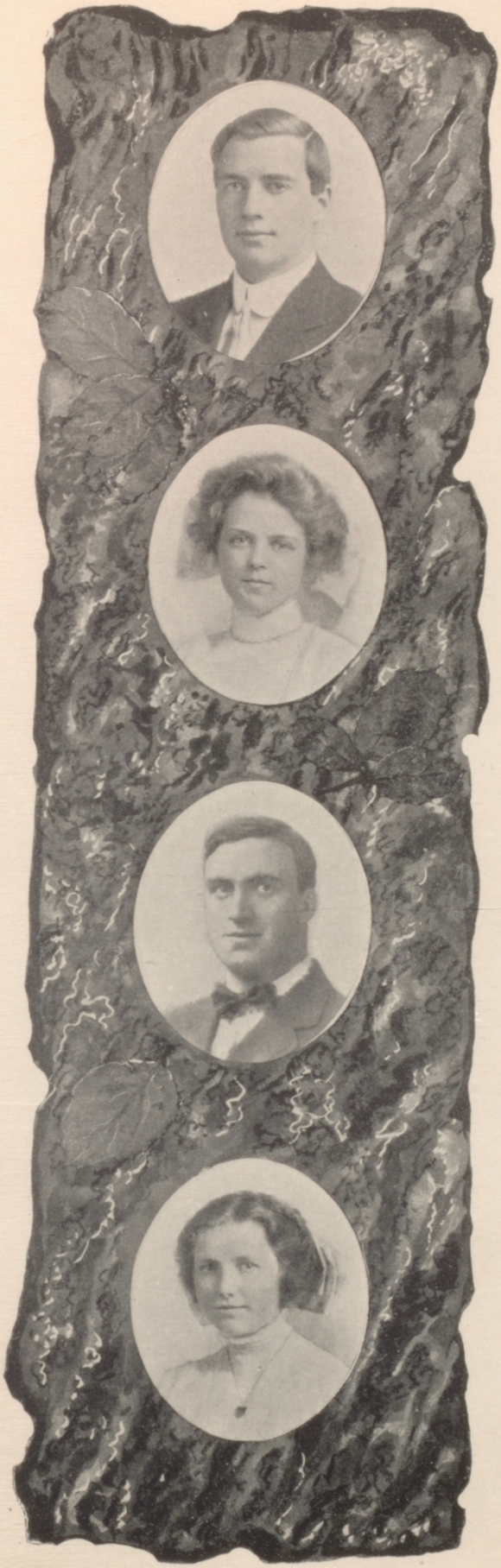
To express our appreciation of his kind efforts in our behalf, we, the Class of June '10, respectfully dedicate this "Acorn" to our Principal, Dr. Geo. C. Thompson

Robert Benjamin Wolff
President

Bessie Troy
Vice-President

Charles S. Dodge
Treasurer

Dorothy Tisdale
Secretary

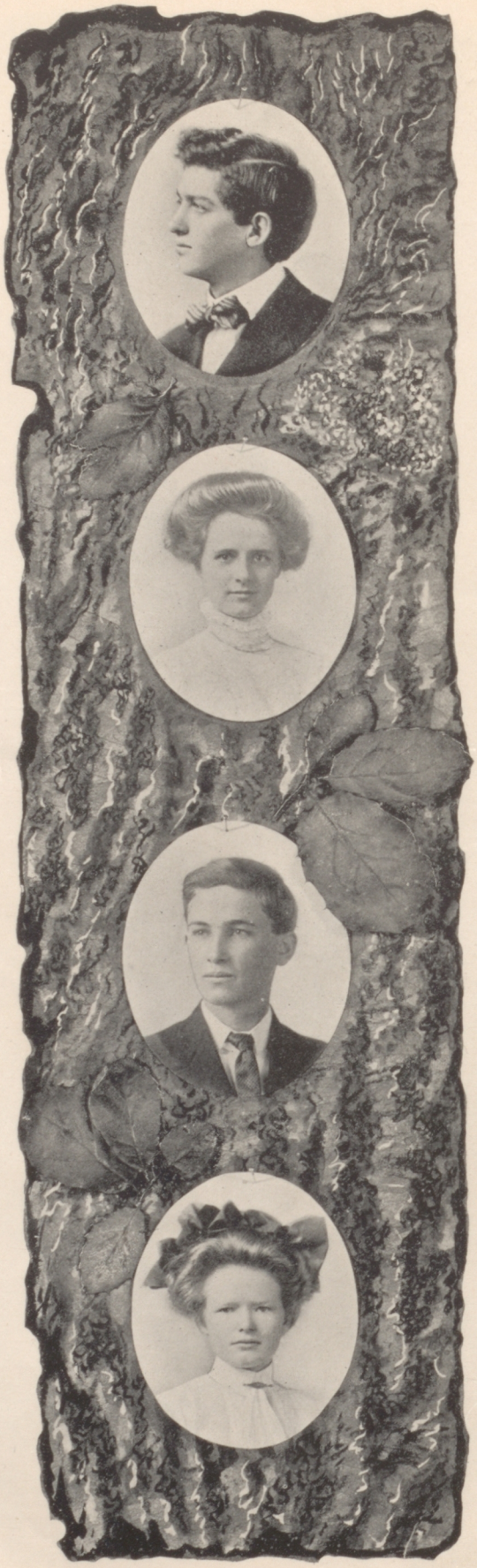


Ernest Creswell Brown

Edith Elizabeth Butler

William H. Gale

Minnie Belle Crowe



Bertram B. Bronson

Hazel Atwood Naylor

Carl Francis Tuttle

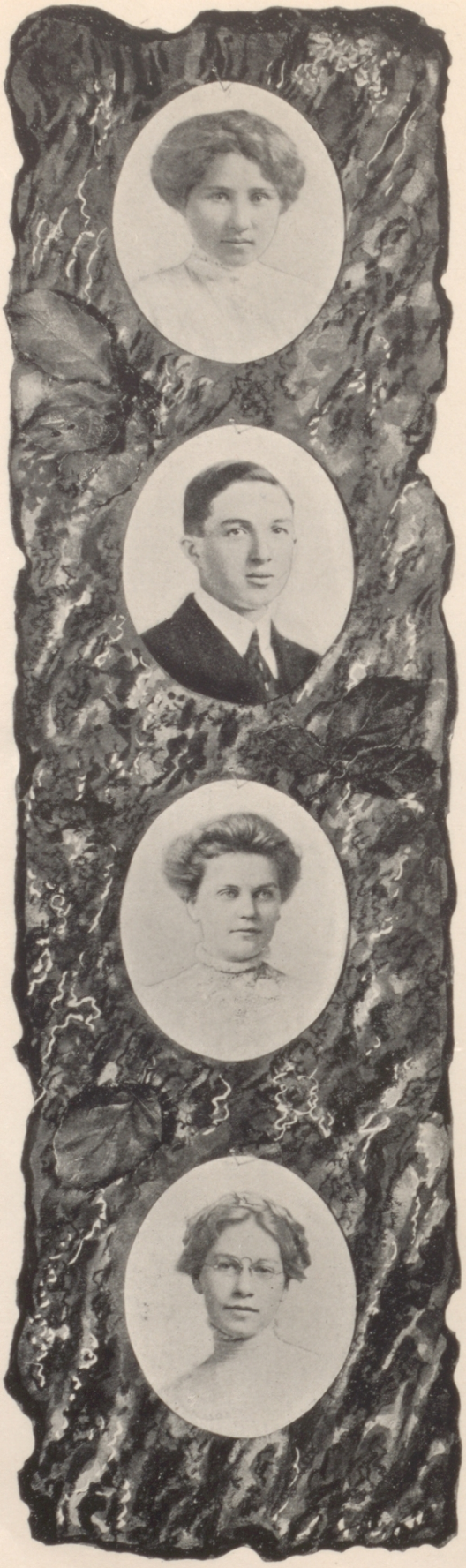
Marjorie Buell Haight

Lorraine Jordan

Jack M. René

Gladys Margaret Lamborn

Martha Lillian Gordenker

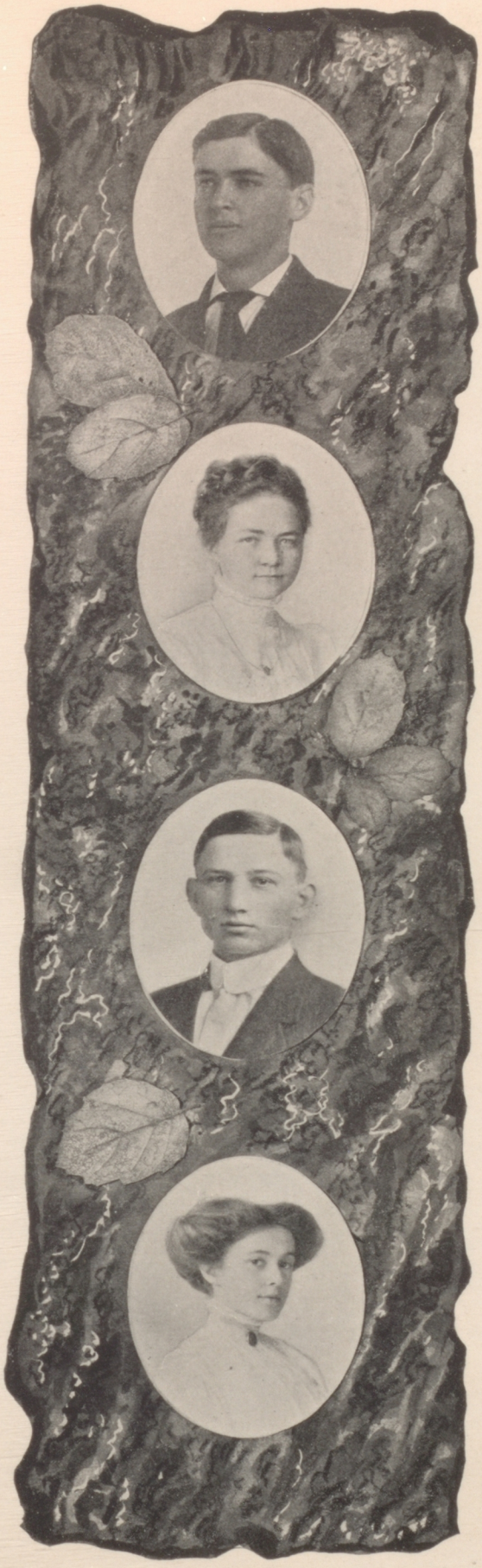


Ruthven Winifred Sackett

Clarence Freeman Woodin

Mary Ruth Sherwood

Lauretta Terease Reimers



Charles H. Medcraft

Marion Louise Elwood

Fred Albert Thompson

Edna Caroline Gifford

Helen Perrigo Harsch

Ethel Bonita Griffiths

Class History

It was in our High Junior year that we organized, elected our officers, and chose our class colors, gold and white; the first class to share the colors of the school!

In the election of our officers, we departed somewhat from the ordinary custom, as our president was a girl, Miss Dorothy Tisdale. The other officers were: Vice-President, Ernest Brown; Secretary, Charles Dodge, and Treasurer, Robert Wolff. During this term we also selected our class pins.

Our low Senior term was a more important one. Our importance and responsibility were alike increasing, and we were ascending higher, step by step, on our ladder of—shall I say knowledge or fame? The event of the term was our low Senior dance, given in the Adelphian Hall. This was the first time that a Senior dance had been given outside of the school building. The bids were neat and attractive, the music was the best, the floor was excellent, and altogether the dance was a decided success.

Our low Senior officers were: President, Ernest Brown; Vice-President, Miss Hazel Naylor; Secretary, Charles Dodge; and Treasurer, Robert Wolff.

In our high Senior term the outlook of our duties and pleasures was large. As a beginning—to guide us through our busy term—we elected the following: President, Robert Wolff; Vice-President, Miss Bessie Troy; Secretary, Miss Dorothy Tisdale; and Treasurer, Charles Dodge.

The two most important events of our high Senior term were our play and our class paper. The former was a decided success both from a financial and an artistic standpoint. Robert Wolff managed the financial and Maurice Stewart the dramatic end. The play, "The Adventures of a Love Letter," was given in the Adelphian Hall, April 16, to a packed house. The various students carried their parts like professionals.

The class elected Fred Thompson editor, and Ernest Brown manager, of the "Acorn." With a competent staff, they hope that they have turned out a paper which represents the school in every respect.

And now that we have almost reached the mighty height of our ladder, we can not help but look back to that fall term of 1906, when we were Freshmen in rooms five and six under the guidance of Miss Cohen and Miss Frisius. How much experience and knowledge we have obtained since then! The fears, the joys, the sorrows! A few more added to our already accumulated store, and it will all have ended. And now, we leave you, A. H. S., we the Class of June '10, with remembrances and feelings the most kindly.

MARTHA GORDENKER, '10.

The Class Prophecy

The future! What has it in store for me? This was my thought as I was reading a book of prophecies one day. I thought of the class of June '10 in the Alameda High School, and wished that I might know what future awaited each of them. The winds which had been raging all day, lulled me, when lo! a black cloud appearing in the sky above me, opened, and from it descended a strange unearthly figure.

I was awed by his appearance, and in wonder noted his strange apparel. His long black cloak flapped in the breeze, and revealed a huge glass which he held in his hand. As I gazed at him, he spoke, and addressed me with these words: "I am Father Time, passing by on my journey up the hill of years. Follow me."

We passed out, and as we ascended a steep hill, I asked him if he could give me a vision of the future. But alas! his information was not of the future but all of the past. As I begged him to help me, he gave me his hour glass, suggesting that I use that.

Being wearied by my journey, I sat down on a rock to rest, and carelessly turned over the glass in my hand. Turning I sought to address Father Time. But alas, he was gone, for "time waits for no man." Alone on that height, an inspiration seized me. I raised the glass, and lo! the future was revealed.

A fog gathered round, darkness enveloped me, but as it cleared away, I saw a new country stretching out before me. Here lay cities and towns, rivers and lakes, and all the beauties of our own dear land.

In the valley below me lay a beautiful city. As I gazed on this, I saw a large building, which by the statue of Justice on its dome, I knew to be a Court House. The interior was revealed, and there on the bench sat Ernest Brown. I thought of the days in our history class when he before took that office. A brilliant young lawyer was presenting his case to the jury. On looking closer I found it to be William Gale of the same class.

I shook my glass, and the scene changed. On a beautiful spot near the Hudson, I saw several large buildings. Scores of young students were crossing to and fro over the campus. As I looked into the interior of one of the buildings, I saw the principal writing at her desk. When she looked up to answer a call, Marjorie Haight was revealed to me. As the door opened, Edith Butler walked in, whom I learned was the teacher of United States history.

As this faded away, I saw another huge building, which I found to be a hospital. As I glanced at the operating room, I saw a surgeon about to perform a delicate operation. I looked again, and saw the face of Bertram Bronson, who had become a successful surgeon. Near him stood several nurses, among whom was Martha Gordenker, quiet and sympathetic as usual.

I next saw a large theater in front of which was an immense billboard, announcing the arrival of the popular actress, Hazel Naylor. She was starring in Macbeth, taking the difficult role of Lady Macbeth. I learned that her interpretation of the part was very fine, the best ever produced in the United States. I was glad to see that Hazel had profited by the discussions we had in the English class, as to Lady Macbeth's real character.

My eye was next attracted by a vista of many beautiful buildings. A

flag at the entrance told me that the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was in progress. Standing near the entrance was the architect, none but Clarence Woodin. These beautiful buildings were the realization of tedious hours of careful thought and study.

At the right of the entrance stood the Woman's building, a vast imposing structure. As I looked into the interior, I saw that a National convention was in session. As the president of the convention rose, welcomed by the applause of the assembly, I saw the smiling face of Dorothy Tisdale. At a desk on the platform sat the secretary, Ruthven Sackett. Among the delegates I saw several familiar faces, among whom was Loretta Reimers, representing a prominent club of Chicago. Edna Gifford rose to give a report on the latest books adopted for study. Among others, she mentioned a new book entitled, "My Visit to the Orient," written by Gladys Lamborn.

Near by in an inclosure, I saw a huge airship. To an interested group of spectators Charles Dodge was demonstrating his successful machine. His airship had been employed by the Government to carry secret dispatches all over the country.

An art gallery next attracted my attention. As I gazed along its walls, I saw a beautiful picture with the initials H. P. H. in one corner. This was the work of the talented young artist, Helen Harsch. Before it with notebook in hand, stood Ethel Griffiths, art critic of the time.

This vision faded away, and again I saw the busy streets of a large city. From a large opera house, came the strains of beautiful music. I turned the glass that the interior might be revealed. Directing the orchestra stood Charles Medcraft, a well-known director of grand opera.

I glanced farther along the streets, and at the docks, I saw an ocean liner about to steam away. Just boarding the steamer, were two young ladies, Minnie Crowe and Marion Elwood, who were going to study the flora of other lands.

On another busy street, I saw a large building with the name "Rene & Co." over the door. I found that Adolph Rene was now at the head of a large wholesale house, sending out salesmen all over the country.

I turned my glass again, and this time I saw a steel bridge being constructed over one of our wide rivers. Wondering who had planned this immense structure, I scanned the face of the superintendent, and found it to be that of Fred Thompson.

This faded away, and the residence district of a beautiful city lay before me. Automobiles and carriages were stopping before a beautiful home, and beautifully gowned ladies were entering the house. I wondered what social function this was, but soon my curiosity was appeased. At the head of the receiving line were Bessie Troy and Lorraine Jordon. So this was the reception given by them to the wife of the new English ambassador to the United States.

This vision faded slowly away, and I saw the dome of our own beautiful Capitol. A carriage rolled up, and as the President of the United States turned to speak to his companion, I saw the face of our own class president, Robert Wolff. Next to him sat two of his cabinet, Carl Tuttle, now Secretary of State, and John Mallon, Secretary of War.

You ask me for my future. Alas! As I was about to turn the glass, it fell to the ground, and was broken into a thousand pieces!

RUTH SHERWOOD, June '10.

One reason why
I don't want to
graduate.

LITERARY
DEPARTMENT

A Conversation at "Mermaid Tavern"

"Ye Mermaid Tavern" was on Cheapside in the heart of old London. It was set back from Bread street. The tavern had two entrances, one on Cheapside and the other on Friday street. Here gathered the notables of the day. Of these gentlemen, let us hear a conversation between old Ben Jonson and Sir Walter Raleigh.

The lord of the tavern, Ben Jonson, had just entered. All the young wits and hopefuls paid due homage to him. Scorning their poetic glances, he passed on and sat down at a table with the illustrious Sir Walter Raleigh. He ordered his ale and began conversing with Sir Walter, who had lately returned from the Colonies.

"'Tis a wonderful weed, this tobacco, Sir Walter. Oft do I sit and smoke it."

"Yes, friend Jonson, it is. If I could only describe to you the country from whence it comes. The wooded lands, those great, red creatures called Indians, and the wide meadows covered with this tobacco—all this is found in that land far across the Atlantic."

"This, I should think, would interest Will Shakespeare. He is one who is always thirsting for tales of that new country.

"Look at him now, talking with that old, weatherbeaten sailor. I heard him speak of the Bermudas as I passed. 'Tis nothing new, this talking with the seafolk. Oft do I meet him on the quay talking with some sun-browned mariner who has just returned from the Indies or America."

"Coulds't tell me of his play called 'Macbeth'? 'Tis a tragedy, I have heard."

"Never will I forget that play. It was given in the Globe on a stormy March day. The sky was a dull gray. The pit was crowded, for it was a holiday and all the guilds were there. Such a motley crowd! Weaver rubbed shoulder with carpenter and he in turn with the upholsterer. Smoking their old, burnt pipes, they were a merry crowd indeed.

The play was announced and the first scene opened. Three witches appeared. Such ugly creatures! The pit was all attention. If you could only have seen the faces of those men. Full of interest and awe, not a murmur could be heard amongst them.

"Suddenly the heavens darkened and a peal of thunder echoed across the gardens. Lightning flashed and the wind blew. The actors still continued. Fear seized the crowd, for, being ignorant people, they thought the change in the weather helped by that first scene in 'Macbeth,' was an evil omen.

"The storm passed, however, and one saw again the happy faces of the crowd."

"He is a genius, that Shakespeare."

"Well, friend Jonson, I fear this day has almost run its course, and I must be at Bacon's house on the Strand by nightfall. Together we are going to Court."

"Save the rest of that tale for another day. Visions of witches, terrific storms, ghostly visitors and murder will I see, when you tell me the remaining plots of 'Macbeth' over our ale and tobacco."

"So be it, Sir Walter. 'Twas a noble play and I shall take pleasure in telling you of it. Adieu."

"Adieu, my friend."

Jonson sat a long while, after Sir Walter's departure, lost in thought. Gay, little rings of smoke curled above his head, merrily chasing one another to and fro.

Of what was he thinking? Probably of some fantastic creature whom he would put in a masque. But only he and the merry blue rings knew and they wouldn't tell.

But let us leave this old poet and see what our friend Shakespeare is doing.

Unconscious of the gay laughter and loud talking about him, he was listening attentively to an old sailor. Absorbing every word and phrase of the seaman, he was all interest.

"We set sail from London in June. Our good ship, the Sea King, was chartered for the Island of San Domingo. It was good sailing and we were soon out of the Channel and were then upon the vast Atlantic.

"Fair weather continued for many days. But alas, such good fortune was not to be the Sea King's. One night a windstorm blew over the waters. The moon went down and the stars hid themselves. Then great mountains of water arose in the ocean. Fear possessed us. Our ship was tossed hither and thither."

"Didst see naught of land?"

"I will tell of that presently. After two stormy nights, full of dire forebodings and black darkness, our good Sea King struck a rock. All night I and my comrades clung to the masts of the vessel.

"The next morning I gave a cry of joy, for a short distance away was land!"

"What country was it? Was it that country called America?"

"I think not. The place was only a small island. America is a vast region full of queer beasts and men who are red in color. This island had no human being, Christian or heathen, living on it.

"We saved some food from the ship and, to our ill luck, much wine. A sorry time we had of it then. Wicked elves and sea-nymphs conquered us. Under their power, mischief and discontent ran riot. Comrade killed comrade. A sorry time, sir, a sorry time.

"Mighty storms and tempests swept the country. But, with all, the island was fruitful. We ate many queer herbs and fruits. Birds of gay plumage screeched a welcome to us from the thickly wooded tree tops. Queer animals scampered here and there as we landed."

"Are you glad to be back in old England once more?"

"Aye, aye, sir. I must take leave now as I want to go down the quay."

The old mariner made his way through the crowded tavern. Shakespeare still sat at the table.

He fell to musing over the tale of that island in the sea.

" 'Tis a tale out of which I might weave a play. What could I call it? Ah! I will call it 'The Tempest.' I shall have the scene of the play in an enchanted island. How I will be able to have my fairy creatures take part!"

"Well, Shakespeare."

"Oh! Jonson! I have just thought of a new play."

"I saw you talking to that sailor. What sea story have you heard this time?"

"A most wonderful tale. From it I am going to write a play called 'The Tempest.'"

"A most admirable name. But come home with me and let us talk it over."

"I will, Friend Jonson."

Together they leave the tavern—these friends—great literary men—masters of their art.

EDITH BUTLER, '10.

The Suit for the Suits

At recess the boys came trooping down the back steps into the yard. A knot of boys were talking and laughing rather loudly in the center of the yard.

"What's up?" asked a student.

"Oh, the baseball suits have come. Say, what a collection. Why, they're a cross between burlap and cheesecloth, a regular mail order Heeseman bunch."

And so they were. Mail order is no name for them. They were not as good as that.

"Are you going to take those, Mooney?"

"I should say not. Do you think I am crazy?"

"Goodness knows the boys need the suits," said Doc.

"Well, we've got to get along without them next Saturday at the Oakland Poly. game."

So the suits were refused, the manager claiming they were not according to contract. The man who had brought the suits left the school angrily, vowing to sue the school, but the students only laughed.

Now the captain had a young lady friend. He had met her a year before at a dance, and both had liked each other extremely well. Now, Miss Fullman, for this was the young lady's name, Flossie Fullman, was the niece of Mr. Mike Smith, the manufacturer who held the contracts for the Alameda suits. Mr. Mike Smith did not know of Flossie's acquaintance with the Alameda baseball captain, John Macklin. He knew John Macklin, but he did not know that John was the baseball captain. Mr. Smith himself did not have much to do with the actual running of the athletic business of which he was the head, having a private secretary who tended to all the details.

When Mr. Smith heard that the Alameda suits had been returned, he ordered a suit to be instituted against the school.

At Alameda all was excitement over the coming Oakland Poly. game. Captain Macklin was to pitch. The team was fortunate in possessing such a pitcher as Captain Macklin was, but was unfortunate in the fact that they had no other good pitcher. It is true that the third baseman, Kelly, was a fair pitcher, but he was not of championship material.

The Saturday morning of the game arrived and the team was up on Park street, lying around waiting for noontime.

The captain and the manager were in the Y. M. C. A. playing pool, when Chief Conrad walked in and asked them if they were the captain and the manager of the Alameda High School baseball team. They answered in the affirmative, and were informed that they were under arrest. Indignantly they inquired the reason, and were told that a suit had been commenced against the school for the rejected baseball suits. And since their names were signed on the contract, they were the only ones the law could reach.

"But the final sub-league game is to-day."

"It is hard luck, boys, but I must do my duty. I was instructed to serve these warrants, so you must come."

By this time a crowd had gathered, among whom were the other members of the team. All was consternation at the news.

"Boys, do the best you can with Kelly in the box. I will try to get out by noontime." Aside Macklin said to a close friend of his: "Go and tell Flossie. She can straighten it out."

Then the boys were led away.

When Flossie heard the news she was all afire, and straightway went to her uncle's office. She stormed into the office and accused him of robbing Alameda of the cup.

"Why, child, what do you mean?"

Whereupon the whole story came out.

"But I didn't know John Macklin was a member of the team. Even if I did, I must sue for the costs of the suits."

"Uncle, if Johnny is not released immediately, I will never speak to you again."

"I can't help it, Flossie. The law must take its course.

"But, uncle, the suits were really awful poor."

"Flossie, those suits are our best ten dollar suits, and that is what the contract calls for."

"Uncle, some one has deceived you. Johnny says those suits are not worth five dollars, and Johnny knows."

"Why, Flossie, it is not possible."

"I know, I tell you. Uncle, Johnny must play this afternoon, and it is now half-past one. Oh, please hurry and release them."

"But, Flossie——"

"Uncle, I command you."

"But, Flossie, why are you so interested?" Whereupon she burst into tears. "There, there, Flossie. I didn't intend to hurt your feelings. I will risk it and release the boys."

"Oh, uncle, you darling!"

So the police captain was rung up and informed that the suit had been dropped. The boys were then released, and they immediately hurried to Santa Clara avenue and took the car to Freeman's Park.

Meanwhile at Freeman's the game had begun. Alameda had gone to the bat first with no good result. When the team went into the field, all was anxiety. "Can Kelly do it?" was the question silently asked by every Alameda rooter.

The first man flew out to Roz in left. The second reached first on a fumble. A groan arose from the bleachers, but Kelly caught the man asleep at first and two were out. The third man up snapped out a three-bagger. Every Alameda fan then conceded the game to Poly. And when he came in on a two-bagger and the man who made the two-bagger came in an another two-bagger, the game seemed surely lost.

Just then a commotion was heard at the gate, and to the relief and surprise of everybody Captain John Macklin came running through left field, carrying a suit case and headed for the dressing-rooms.

A thunderous cheer arose from the Alameda rooters, and to reward them Kelly struck out the last man.

Alameda was unsuccessful in their attempts to score in the second, but Macklin was now in a suit and appeared in time to take the box when Alameda was retired.

That game is now history. The score, five to two, tells the story.

When the story of the abandonment of the suit came out, Flossie and Johnny was cheered to the echo.

When Johnny showed Mr. Smith the suits which had been sent to them, Mr. Smith became purple with rage. "Why, those are not the suits which were contracted for. You are right, my boy, not to accept them. I shall find out what the trouble is."

After a little quiet search, Mr. Smith discovered a piece of petty graft in the shipping department. Several clerks were discharged, and Mr. Smith

sent accounts to newspapers in order to clear his name and the name of the school.

To make reparation to the school for the trouble he had caused, he presented the school with ten suits of the finest quality in his stock.

As for Flossie and Johnny; well, they are closer friends than ever. Everybody thinks that Flossie won the game for Alameda.

TOMMY, DUCK & CO., '10.

Caught in the Act

Beatrice Manford slipped quietly, even stealthily through the high green hedge. It was the brightest of June mornings and the girl's spirits were very much in harmony with the out-of-door world. A big basket hung on her arm, and it soon would be filled with cherries.

Now Miss Manford did not belong on the other side of the hedge at all but she had already forgotten that,—since this had become an accustomed occupation with her,—and then the cherries put all else from her mind.

Once on "the other side," she stopped to look about a moment through the old orchard, then walked briskly to her favorite cherry tree. Leisurely picking and eating the lucious fruit, she spent perhaps a half hour in this way, then seated herself in the grass to rest and—dream perhaps.

There was the whole morning before her; no need at all to hurry, and this was such a delightful spot! And so another half hour drifted away.

To her utter amazement, she heard footsteps, and looking up, beheld a strange young man approaching her through the trees.

She had surely been lingering too long and her basket was not yet filled! When the man reached her, she was again picking big ripe cherries and was very much surprised when he stepped toward her with his hat lifted.

"I trust I do not interrupt your little party, but may I ask to whom this large estate belongs?"

"Certainly, to a perfect crank of a man named Lancaster. He lives in that big red house up that way," waving a cherry in the direction from which he had come. A start of surprise crossed the man's face then,——

"What luscious fruit you have there."

"Isn't it! I have picked nearly a whole basketful and there are such loads I'll have to have. You know it's quite necessary to pick them myself, because nobody else even knows they're here." A twinkle came into her eyes as she said: "They belong to that Lancaster man, and I have'nt a doubt but that he'd turn his dog on me if he discovered me here."

"What! This Lancaster is unaware that you are picking his cherries?"

She nodded smilingly and then both laughed aloud. "Tell me about it," he urged, "and in the meantime let me help you pick the fruit."

So she dropped into the grass again and devoured cherries as fast as the man could pick. Naturally, the basket was neglected.

"Well, you see, Mr. Lancaster doesn't live here on his estate. He stays up in the city most of the time and even when he is here, I think he never comes as far as this little orchard from his house. As for the caretaker, he is horribly lazy. He only comes down here once in ever so long a time. Guess he doesn't like cherries, for we are the only ones who have picked them the last three years. You see mother and I live in the little house in that rose garden on the other side of the hedge, and it's perfectly easy to come over here anytime and—— What are you laughing at?"

"I was only thinking of how sour Lancaster would look if he could hear you."

"Yes, wouldn't he though!"

"Have you ever seen him?" This said with a side glance at the girl intent upon her cherries.

"No, and never hope to, for they say he's a snappy old thing."

"Who says this—the villagers?" He was certainly amused.

"Yes, mostly. I've never heard him described, but I know he must be horrid and fat and cranky-looking, to be so selfish."

"What makes you think he is selfish?" he asked.

"Oh, er—a—why, I just have the impression that he is. The town people say he keeps such guard over his houses and horses, and things, and won't let anyone come inside the grounds. Perhaps they envy him, but I believe they are right. Anyway it doesn't trouble me so long as he forgets about his cherry orchard." She came toward him with a laugh at her own misdoing.

"Now I must go, for my mother, Mrs. Manford—there now, I've gone and told you my name, and I never meant to." She stooped for the basket which he quickly handed her. "It must be nearly noon, and I've spent my whole morning here. Thank you just heaps for helping me!"

Beatrice turned to go, when some thought occurred to her, and she looked back at him. "Why, I believe I've never seen you here in the village, have I? Are you a stranger in town?"

For a moment he did not answer. Then he looked up and smiled straight across at the girl. "Shall I tell you who I am—really?"

"It's only fair I think, since I've told you my name, you know."

"Very well, Miss Manford, I am that awful old crank—Arthur Lancaster."

For a moment Beatrice stood rooted to the spot. Lancaster smiled up at the cherry tree, and when he looked again to the girl, she was gone. Some few rods off he saw a light skirt disappearing through the hedge, leaving a trail of cherries behind. He smiled again as he thought of the look of astonished horror on the girl's face, then he wheeled about, and tramped back through the orchard, humming something, about "Love being young in springtime."

MARION L. ELWOOD, '10.

The Student's Friday Night

(With profuse apologies to Robert Burns.)

Hard "exes" now in swift succession come,
  The 1910 spring term draws to a close,
Repenting now, the erstwhile High School one
  Assumes his yearly would-be sainted pose.
The toil-worn student (?) from his classes goes,
  But troubles do not end at half-past two:
Tomorrow's lessons, his most hated foes,
  From school to home his worried brain pursue,
  The teacher always asked just what he never knew.

F. L. M.

Earth Will be Destroyed!

Professor Wiseall Asserts that a Collision with Halley's Comet is Inevitable

Such was the startling news that appeared in immense type in the San Francisco Examiner. The news spread like wild fire, and brought fear and terror into the hearts of many. Professor Wiseall, the article asserted, was one of the most noted scientists the world had ever produced. He had spent his life work in the study of comets, and now, several weeks before Halley's Comet was due to arrive, he came out with the flat-footed announcement that the earth was liable to be destroyed at any moment, by a collision with the celestrial wanderer. He predicted that the end would come within forty-eight hours.

The people all over the country became panic-stricken. Business ceased in many sections of the land, and the poorer classes began to sell their possessions, believing that they were all doomed to destruction.

The other scientists, loath to disagree very violently with the opinion of such a man as Professor Wiseall, kept strangely silent on the subject.

The students of the Alameda High School, appearing in twos and threes, with fear in their hearts, arrived at the school building anywhere from 8:45 to 10:30. The threatened danger to the inhabitants of the earth was the sole topic of conversation. No one could study, on one could talk, except about Halley and his comet. It was impossible to carry on recitations, and even the teachers themselves were in no mood to do so.

Standing in small groups on the sand in back of the building, they talked and talked and talked. Then came a special edition of the Times-Star, whose red headlines read: "Professor Wiseall asserts that Comet will strike before noon, and will land somewhere near San Francisco! ! !"

If the students in the yard of the High School had been frightened before, they became quite panic stricken now. Many betook themselves to the protection of the lone tree in the yard. Still others clustered under the steps, and on them, braving the danger of receiving a shower bath from the windows above, in their excitement.

While everybody was in a high state of nervous tension and ready to see themselves and the earth destroyed at any moment, suddenly a tremendous roar, like the sound of thousands of 12-inch cannon, sounded in the ears of the terror-stricken occupants of the school yard, and there, high above their heads, appeared an extremely bright light, followed by a thick, black mass. A cry of horror arose from the yard. The earth certainly seemed to be doomed, for there was the Comet, right over the roof of the school building!

But no! The Alameda students did not meet their death. The city or country was not destroyed. For from the vicinity of the wireless telegraph apparatus of Mr. Minium, the spot above which the Comet was seen to be, came the words: "Hey, Captain Murphy, did you get that agreement with Oakland Poly put in writing?" And the supposed Comet of Mr. Halley took a more human form to the startled A. H. S. students on the ground, and emerged, in all its glory into the newly shaved head and stocky body of Dynamiter Kiser.

ERNEST C. BROWN.

Commencement Number June, 1910

Entered in the Postoffice at Alameda, Calif., as second class matter.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... FRED. A. THOMPSON
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Story Editors ..... RUTHVEN SACKETT, MARJORIE HAIGHT
School Notes ..... BESSIE TROY, CLARENCE WOODIN
Athletics ..... JOHN MALLON
Joshes ..... HAZEL NAYLOR, CHARLES DODGE
Art ..... CHARLES MEDCRAFT, HELEN HARSH

BUSINESS STAFF

Manager ..... ERNEST C. BROWN
Assistant Manager ..... BERTRAM B. BRONSON

Student Control

It is a well-known fact that no person is able to control others until he is able to control himself. The great need is to teach him self-control. The best way to meet this need is to put him in a position where he must control himself. And the solution to this problem in the school lies in student control of affairs. It has been successfully tried in other schools. In fact, it has been an absolute success wherever tried. Could we not make it a success here? We are as intelligent a body of students as the average. If it

has succeeded elsewhere it will surely succeed here. A board of control consisting of students selected from each class, assisted by student policemen, would reduce the petty offenses of school life to a minimum. It is true that our executive committee is very powerful along certain lines, but what we need is control instituted by the students, under which each student would be in honor bound to do his or her best to preserve the discipline of the school rather than to evade it.

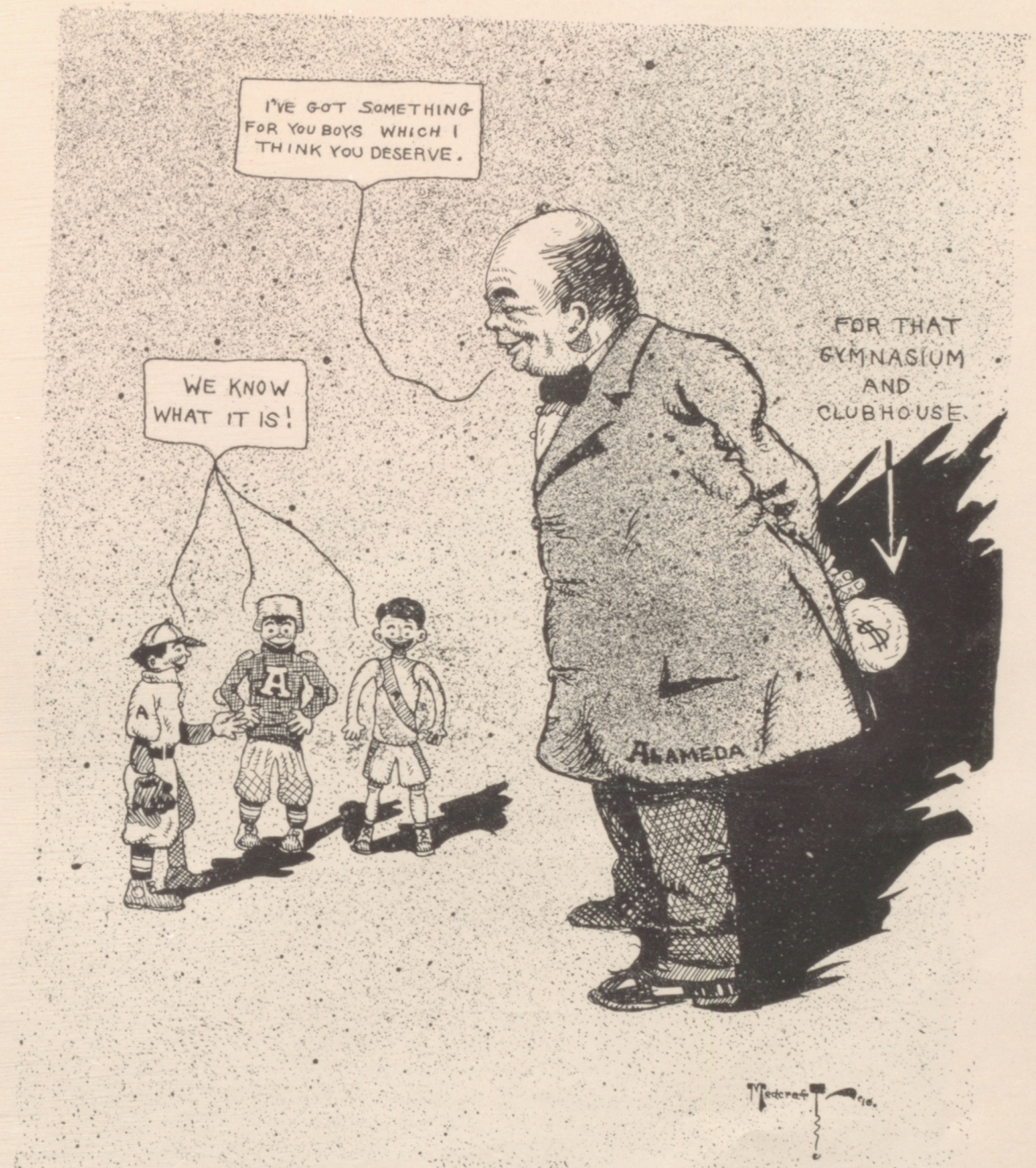
Give a student the power to elect the officers who shall exercise discipline over him and more is done toward making a useful citizen than all the education in the world. Student control is nothing more nor less than preparation toward that greater end—citizen control. Make a student capable of controlling himself and others and a citizen is made who will in the future be an ornament to our Republic. And after all, is not that what our public schools are for? To make useful citizens of our boys and girls? Therefore let us have Student Control.

At Last a Gymnasium

We are to possess a gymnasium at last. We have long felt the need of one, and now, through the efforts principally of Dr. Thompson, we are to have one. Too few students in the school get the benefit of athletics. There can only be a certain number on a team and that number is small. But now, with a well-equipped gymnasium and under a competent instructor, we can all get the exercise so essential to a sound mind and body. Those backing the gymnasium proposition will soon need the help of every student. Every student should boost this proposition. It is for the benefit of the student himself and every student should feel that it rests with him to bring this proposition to a successful end. The school as a unit is all powerful, and if every one in the school pulls for this gymnasium it will be an assured thing. In straight slang, it is up to you; get in and dig.

American or Rugby?

The question is bound to come up sooner or later, whether we shall play American or Rugby football. Perhaps we are bound by circumstances we cannot control to play Rugby sometime. But students, if the matter comes to a vote, remember this: You do not all turn out for football. Some of you do not even go to the games. It is the candidates for the team who turn out and work and grind daily for four long weary months in an effort to win a cup for you. They should have the decision as to what they want to play. You should not bind them by your vote to play something they do not want to play. The men who will largely compose next year's football teams are veterans of several years' experience. They have American football ingrained in their systems. We have the material to turn out an American football team which will win the cup for us the third time. At Rugby, a new game for us, we wouldn't stand a chance. Now, most of next year's team leave school at the end of the season, and an almost entirely new team will have to be developed. Then is the time to change. Give your championship veterans a chance to win their cup for the third time and then train a new set of players in a new game. The present players have fought for the cup twice and they have won it twice. Give them the honor of doing it the third time before you lay them away on the shelf.



A LITTLE PRESENT.

"In the Days When I Went to School"

Some time ago, four years or more,
A class of freshmen entered school.
Their life was not so peaceful then,
In the days when I went to school.

The blanket was out, the freshies were in.
My! those upper classmen were cruel.
We often saw the roof of the building
In the days when I went to school.

Nary a Freshman missed his turn
Three times up was the general rule.
If he kicked, why then he got more,
In the days when I went to school.

And then he must stand on the steps and sing.
The Freshy who refused was a fool
They sent him down head first to the ground,
In the days when I went to school.

Perhaps you remember not long ago
An attempt was made to evade the rule,
Only one freshman was bounced that time.
'Twas not so in the days when I went to school.

Such times are past, no more will they come.
To do such things now is called cruel.
But then those same things were fun and were jolly
In the days when I went to school.

TOMMY, '10.

He took her fancy when he came,
He took her hand, he took a kiss;
He took no notice of the shame,
That glowed her happy cheek at this.
He took to coming afternoons;
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive;
He took her father's silver spoons,
And after that he took his leave.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Edward Seagrave,
Secretary.

Dorothy Tisdale,
Vice-President.

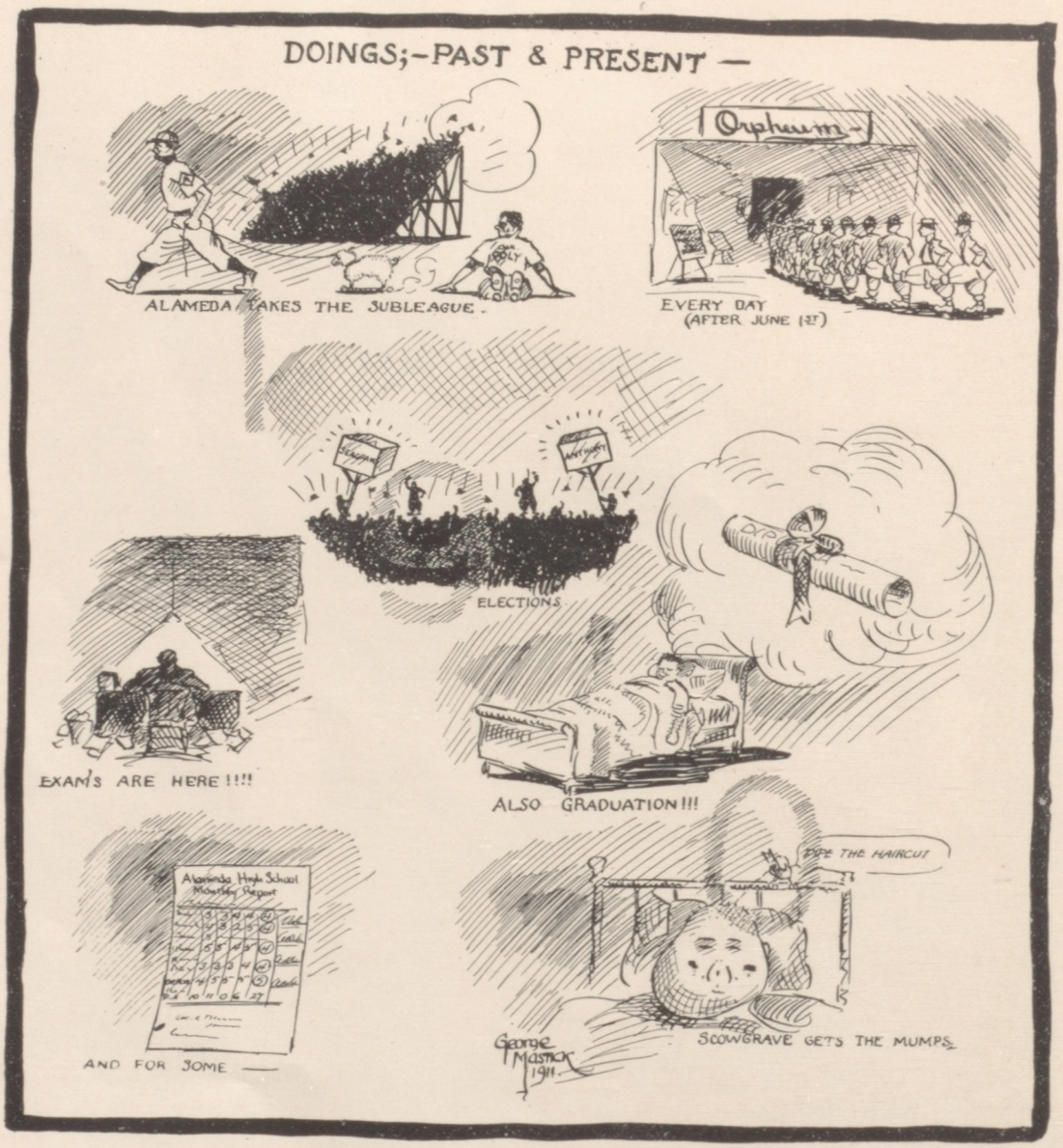
Edwin R Anthony Jr.,
President.

Bessie Troy.

Hazel Naylor.

Olcott Cummins.

William Gale.



MASTICK ON CURRENT EVENTS.

Our Faculty

As the good Spring days came rolling along,
My camera I spied on a shelf.
It was covered with dust, but I took it down,
And started out by myself.
Now a camera is handy, as I always thought,
But never such luck before,
For the people I met upon the street were enough to make me roar.

First Dr. Thompson, the friend of us all,
Who is fair to all those who are quiet,
But to those who play hookey, and go to the show,
He lays down his law, and stays by it.

And then came Miss Haworth, most patient and kind
To Seniors who think they know everything,
As class-teacher she's earned our esteem.
May her memory never take wing.

Then came Mr. Marshall with Mr. Agard
Along on the sand in the yard.
The former was wearing his snow-white rose.
The latter was thinking quite hard.

Then I saw Miss Garretson tripping
along
With a smile upon her face,
With a "comment portez-vous" on her
lips,
And a Paris swing to her pace.

I whirled about just in time to see
Miss Vollmar hurrying by
With a good-natured grin upon her face,
And a twinkle in her eye.

As I was strolling down the street,
Our Mr. Minium flashed in view.
Walking so fast that to tell you the
truth
To snap him was all I could do.

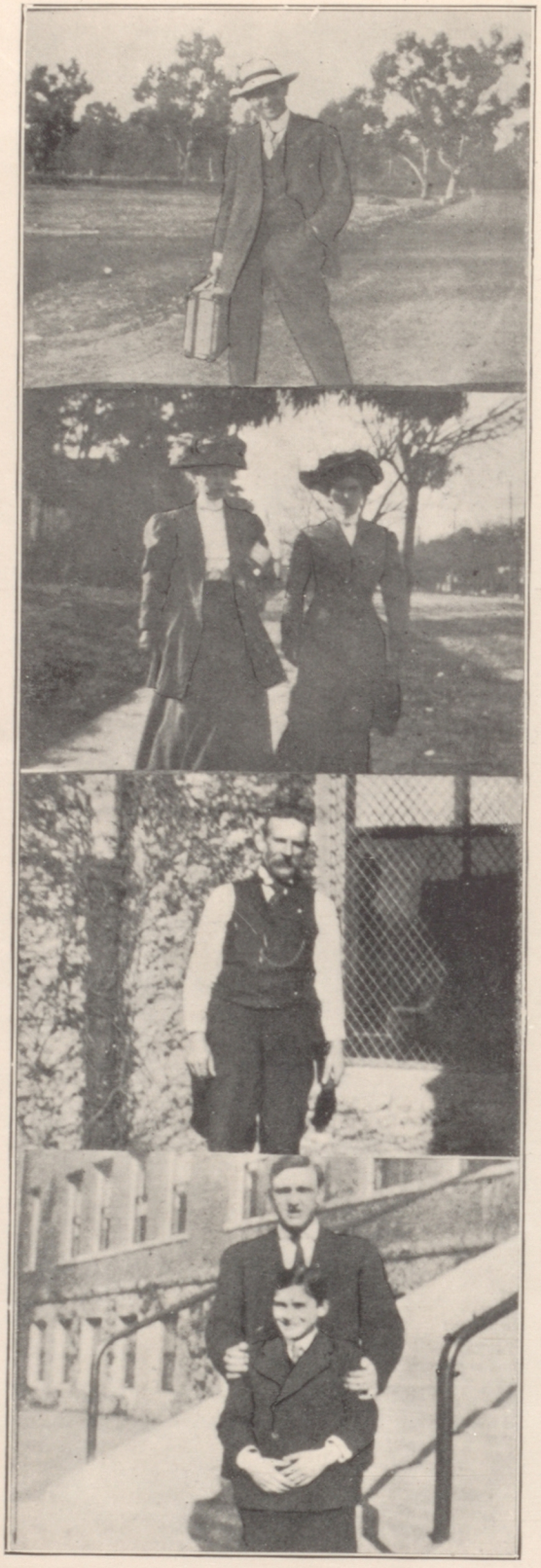
Then Miss Du Boise, demure and prim,
Strolled sedately up the street.
She has always a pleasant word for you,
And a smile that is always sweet.

Still searching I met Mr. Westergaard
Scratching his head for a word to reply
To those who were standing about him,
And with a smile, I hurried by.

I had scarcely hidden myself from view
When I saw the Misses Kempston and
Hewett.
They both tried to turn as I snapped the
machine
But not one bit could they manage to
do it.

Our good Dr. Staley in Latin's a "wiz,"
It's something he knows all about.
Of Caesar, Cicero, Virgil, and rules,
We'll perhaps know as much when we're
out.

Miss Thompson eluded my camera long.
What a job I had to snap her!
To her, many thanks are due from the
Senior Class,
For many a Senior play poster.



When I met Mr. McLaughlin
He was on his way to the track.
He was going to the B. C. L.
To see "my good boy Mac."

Now, who was that I saw from afar?
Miss Potwin and Miss Berg.
I snapped them as they came along.
Such luck I had never heard.

Last, but not least, our good friend
"Nick."
At least a good friend to a few,
For those who have shown him good
turns now and then,
He does what e'er he can do.

The long and the short of it.

SCHOOL NOTES

SENIOR PLAY CAST.

The Senior Play

On Saturday evening, April 16, the Class of June 1910 presented their play "The Adventures of a Love Letter" in Adelphian Hall. The play was a great success both financially and artistically. The careful coaching of Mr. Maurice Stewart showed in the smoothness and finish with which the play was produced. Bertram Bronson, as Prosper Couramont, in the leading role, was successful in portraying a difficult character. Miss Ada Nason and Miss Hazel Naylor, who took the leading feminine roles, held the audience with them every moment they were on the stage. Miss Ruthven Sackett, Miss Edna Gifford, Charles Dodge, Ernest Brown and Clarence Woodin were all on a par with the leading characters. Mr. Stewart was certainly able to bring out all the acting ability any of the different characters possessed.

The financial success of the show was due principally to the strenuous efforts of Mr. Robert Wolff.

The Class of June '10 wishes to extend their sincere thanks to Miss Ada Nason, Mr. Frank Killam and Mr. Maurice Kebby for services which materially aided the play in its success.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Prosper Couramont	BERTRAM B. BRONSON
Baron de la Glaciere	ERNEST C. BROWN
Brisemouche	CHARLES S. DODGE
Anatole	CLARENCE WOODIN
Baptiste	FRED A. THOMPSON
Francois	ROBERT B. WOLFF
Suzanne de Ruseville	HAZEL NAYLOR
Louise de la Glaciere	ADA NASON
Mathilde	EDNA GIFFORD
Zenobie	RUTHVEN SACKETT
Madame Dupont	ETHEL GRIFFITHS
Pauline	MINNIE CROWE

A meeting of the Faculty and Seniors was held in Mr. Agard's room, for the purpose of discussing the formation of a "literary society," and also for the promotion of good feeling and co-operation of the Faculty and Seniors. Miss Marjorie Haight spoke of the "Duties and Privileges of a Senior." Dr. Thompson was heard on the subject of "Honor." Mr. Minium proposed that a cup be presented to the Alameda High School by the Faculty, to be competed for in an interclass meet. Miss Helen Harsh, a member of the Oral English class, very ably told an interesting story entitled "Daisy Miller." Among the other speakers were Mr. Marshall, Mr. Robert Wolff and Mr. Frank Weedin.

The Musical Extravaganza

"My, wasn't that fine!" "Our school never gave as good a show as that!" "It certainly was great!" etc., and many other praiseworthy remarks could be heard in the audience after the ringing down of the curtain at the end of the second act which marked the finish of a brilliant success—the musical extravaganza on the evening of March 12.

Of this success we are all proud—this success, due to the support given by the school, to the faithful work of the cast and also to the clever work of the coach and our former fellow-student, John T. Coyle.

"Tony Beguch," an Italian school boy, was the role taken by Edwin R. Anthony, making a decided hit in his song, "Dorondo." Ed. F. Seagrave, "A Keene Guy," exhibited "much class" in his singing and cleverness. The role of the teacher, taken by John T. Coyle, showed his ability as an actor. Irving Culver as "Jack Johnson" was a pleasant surprise. He took his part like a veteran minstrel. "Ima Duntz," Charles Medcraft, was the laugh of the evening. He deserves much credit for the music which was under his direction. Edgar Kelly, in the role "Hans Off," brought visions of the old country in his appearance and his song "Katie Straus." Mona Radcliffe as "Lotta Cloes," nearly eclipsed the whole performance by her cleverness and beautiful voice. Marian Rhodes and Leona Kelly were two stars of the extravaganza. The choruses showed the product of hard work, especially the dainty maids in "My Darling Dorothy," and the tennis girls in the finale, "I've Been In Every Country." These are only a few of the hits made. The entire cast exhibited the result of steady, diligent work.

To Ernest Brown, the financial success is attributed; also, the reserving of the seats was ably handled by the F. N. Killam Electrical Co.

The cast was as follows:

A Swatter—a Teacher.....John T. Coyle
A Keene Guy—from Alameda.....Ed. F. Seagrave
Jack Johnson—Who didn't fight Jeff.....Irving Culver
Tony Beguch—an Italian School Boy.....Edwin R. Anthony
Ima Duntz—a Nut.....Charles Medcraft
Johnny Smythe—a Tattle Tale.....Valgene Case
Josh Perkins—Who is there.....Harold Levkowicz
Sam Jones—A Queener.....Haslett Haight
Hans Off—a Dutchman.....Edgar Kelly
Joe—a Messenger.....Nathan Thompson
Willie Brown—a noisy boy.....Edwin Barnes
Shesa Peach—Who can sing.....Leona Kelly
Cullie Flower—a Queen.....Florence Fulton
Mirandy Hech—Who can recite.....Ruth Huff
Eliza Perkins—Who is clever.....Edna Eastman
Dotty Dimple—Who is cute.....Lorraine Jordan
Sally—Who can spell.....Winifred O'Brien
Maggie—Who is witty.....Florence Copeland
Sadie Jones—Who also sings.....Marian Rhoades
Mrs. Smythe—a Widow.....Isabelle Nason
Lotta Cloes—from Alameda.....Mona Radcliffe

And

The Great Unknown—a Mystery.....Charles Murphy
Chorus of "My Darling Dorothy," Misses Dennison, Vaughan, Fulton, Harris and Robinson.

MR. STEWART, THE SENIOR PLAY COACH, IN ACTION.
NEXT TERM
OR
WHICH?
GETTING TO BE A JOKE.
A.A.L.
WHAT IT AMOUNTS TO.
TIE A CAN TO YOURSELF! YOU BIG GERMAN YOU'RE BIG ENOUGH TO STOP A HOUSE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE SOUPER? I GOT A SISTER HOME WHO CAN THROW BETTER THAN THAT! YOU'D MAKE A GOOD TOMBSTONE! ETC.—
A SNAP-SHOT OF SPIKE HENNESSEY, BASEBALL COACH, AND A FEW OF THE WORDS WHICH MADE HIM FAMOUS.
ALAMEDA BASE-BALL "CHAMP"
EXCUSE ME FOR LIVING SPIKE.
HALLEY'S COMET ISN'T IN IT. WITH SPIKE.
MEDCRAFT '10
ALL ABOARD FOR HAPPY TOWN TO-NIGHT!
GOING TO SCHOOL IN 1915 (?)

A FEW OF THE BEST.

A LOT OF THE WORST.

An Elegy to Knee Trousers

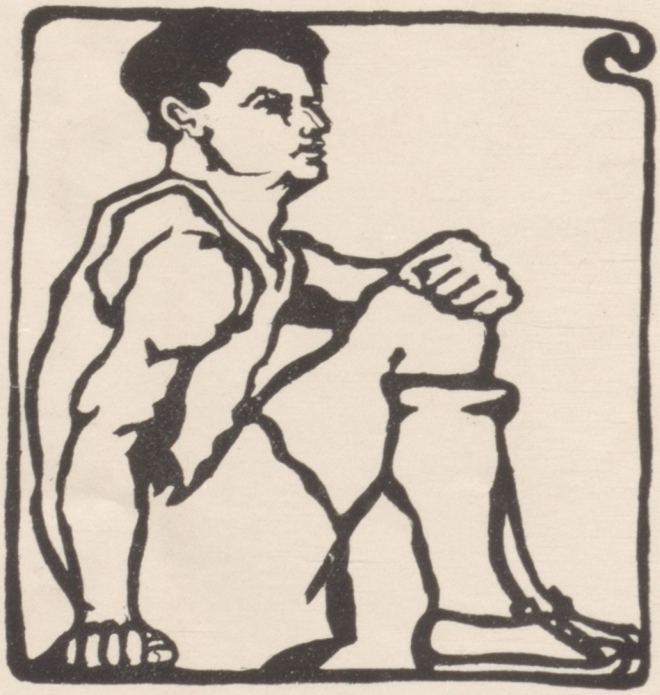
(From the point of view of a student of '07.)

In the year of '07 the unforeseen happened. A Freshman entered the Alameda High School. That wasn't the unforeseen. All Freshmen must enter some time. But this queer specimen wore short trousers. He was a phenomenon—never before seen. The other students, who were from 5 feet 6 inches to 6 feet 6 inches in height and from 150 to 220 in weight, began to act as fathers to the small boy only 4 feet 9 inches.

Next term a couple more boys refusing to change stockings for socks entered. The novelty had partly worn off, and their lack of size was not noticed so much. Soon the students became accustomed to the little fellows, and the little fellows commenced to fill the school, until in 1909 they outnumbered the larger ones.

Before this time we had had man-sized boys who could lick any school around the bay in a rough house, and who delighted to do it. But as quickly as poison oak spreads over the face, the small boy spread over the school and crowded out the sturdy Alameda stock.

Next year the Senior class intends to put through an ordinance prohibiting any one wearing long pants from voting or attending meetings of any sort. Why, former students, if this keeps up, in 1913 the Board of Education will wear short trousers. Is there no remedy? None at all?



ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1909.

CAPTAIN BRUZZONE, 1909.

In the last four years Alameda has set a new record for winning athletic championships. Containing an enrollment of only 200 boys, cup-winning teams have been turned out with surprising frequency. In the spring of 1907 the baseball team started the ball rolling by winning the Academic championship of California. In the fall of 1908 a football team was turned out by Coach Smith which went through an entire season with but one defeat. This team was the best Alameda ever turned out, and compared favorably with any in the State. It was during that fall that such players as Kiser, Bruzzone, Brush, Siegfried and Graff came into prominence as A. A. L. stars, although Kiser and Bruzzone were A. A. L. players the season before.

Alameda had now gained a reputation, and in the following spring the baseball and track teams set to work to keep it up. The baseball team, under Captain Gay, won the A. A. L. cup for the second time, and the track team won the second place Stanford Interscholastic cup.

In the fall of that year, 1909, the football team, under Emil Bruzzone, and coached by Marx and McAndrews, won the A. A. L. cup again.

This term the baseball team has an excellent chance to win their cup for the third and last time. When the cup has been won by us for the third time it will stay in the office forever. And we also expect the football team to win their cup for the third time.

Probably no other school has been able to point to such an array of championships won in such a short time. A record has been made which will not quickly be broken, unless we do it.

Football

In the fall of 1909 we had such veterans as Captain Emil Bruzzone, Charles Kiser, Frank Gay, Ned Anthony, Domingo Bruzzone, Will Gale and Chas. Baum. The new men were Karl Shattuck, Paul Mackie, James Mackie, Shorty Davis, Ives, Elmer Gay, Thompson, Beach and Maguire.

Captain Bruzzone successfully played his fourth year in the line. Three years ago he made the A. A. L. team as guard. Last year he made the same position and this year made A. A. L. tackle. Captain Bruzzone was a tower of strength in the line and a wonder at opening holes. He is the third man at Alameda to earn a "Four Star A," being preceded by Byron Paul and Ed. Macauley.

Chas. Kiser played rear half with all his old time vim and dash. The great feature of many games was Kiser's running through Bruzzone's tackle. Kiser did most of the field kicking, and virtually won the cup for Alameda by his place kick in the Poly game.

Laurie Ives played front half and was certainly there when a couple of yards was needed. Chas. Baum also played front half.

Paul Mackie played fullback. Although it was his first year at football, he played a marvelous game. Possessing speed to burn, an ability to pick holes, with Kiser as interference, Oscar was good for his yards almost any time.

James Mackie filled the position of quarter-back. It was his first year also. He mastered the mechanical part of the game perfectly and is expected to make A. A. L. quarter-back next year.

The ends were taken care of by Domingo Bruzzone and Frank Gay. Both possessed speed and tackling ability. Under Marx's system they were able to down the runner time and again before he even got started. Gay made A. A. L. end. Bruzzone has been elected captain for next year.

The tackles were played by Captain Bruzzone and Will Gale. Gale was a veteran and his ability to properly use his head and hands opened many holes for Kiser to plunge through. Gains were seldom made through Alameda's tackles.

Karl Shattuck and Davis played the guard positions. Both were new men at the game but both learned rapidly and became crackerjacks before the season was over. Davis did the goal kicking for the team. Shattuck won first choice for A. A. L. guard. Both the guards backed up their ends successfully under punts.

Ned Anthony was the keystone of the line at center. He was chosen A. A. L. center with no opposition. This was his third year at center and next year Ned wins his "Four Star A." Under the new formation the center had much more work to do than formerly, but Anthony's passes were accurate and his defense impregnable.

The sub ends were Elmer Gay and Fred Thompson. Both had speed to burn, but both were lacking in avoirdupois. Beach and Maguire were sub linesmen. Both will make good when heavier next year.

Taken as a whole, Alameda had an excellent team. It was impossible to break the line, and on the offense the new formation carried everything with it. The backs were speedy as could be wished for, and the line always had the holes opened when the backs arrived. With Paul Mackie to run around end, Kiser and Ives to go through tackle and guard, James Mackie and Paul Mackie to punt, Kiser and Davis to do goal and field kicking, the team was evenly balanced and well provided for in all departments. It is earnestly hoped that Captain Domingo Bruzzone will be as successful next year. And it is as equally earnestly asked that everyone possible turn out for the team.

Alameda 28, Oakland Poly 0.

This game resulted in a splendid victory for Alameda. The Alameda line, strengthened by Gale and Davis, showed wonderful improvement on both offense and defense. Captain Bruzzone filled in at Kiser's place and showed that he was just as good a man as the German. Alameda's splendid team work and the great offensive work of P. Mackie were the features of the game.

On the following Saturday Alameda was to play Fremont for the league championship, but the Fremont team had witnessed the Alameda-Poly game and after putting up a lame bluff that ten of their team fell out of a two-seated rig and were badly injured—which of course did not work—they decided to default, which they did with very bad grace.

Alameda 18, Stockton 10.

The Alameda team broke the custom of always being defeated when they played away from home by defeating Stockton in the league semi-finals. Stockton introduced a new custom in American football by using a ball that was a cross between a football, basket-ball and tennis-ball. Each team scored once in the first half, Alameda on a fumble kick-off and Stockton on a blocked kick. In the second half Alameda made two earned touchdowns while Stockton got their second touchdown on a fluke. D. Bruzzone, Kiser and Anthony played well for Alameda.

Alameda 0, Polytechnic 0.

When Alameda faced San Francisco Polytechnic on the Presidio grounds conditions were about as unfavorable for good football as they could possibly be; the field was muddy from a week of rain and a high west wind swept over the field. In the first half, with the wind against them, Alameda was continually on the defensive, but always in a pinch the line held. In the second half conditions were reversed, but whenever Alameda advanced the ball near to her goal Poly held like a stone wall. The game was marred by constant injuries mixed in with bickerings and petty arguing; in fact it took an hour and fifteen minutes to finish a thirty-five-minute half.

Alameda 3, Poly 2.

This game was in direct contrast with the first. Conditions were perfect and as fine and exciting game of football as one could wish to see ensued. McAndrews had been secured to coach the team after the first Poly game and he certainly filled the team with pep and fight. And Alameda was confident in her team, confident after a season of hard training, and the rooters felt that victory was to be theirs.

Polytechnic made her two points in the first half, and they were due to three successive penalties inflicted on Alameda, which brought the ball close to the goal line; then when J. Mackie attempted to punt, Barnes of Poly broke through and blocked it. Mackie recovered the ball, but two points went down for Poly. The rest of the half was decidedly in our favor, but Kiser lost two good chances to score by fumbling. Alameda made their three points in the second half on a place kick from the 35-yard line by Kiser. A series of well-executed forward passes by Poly brought the ball to our three-yard line, but they could not gain more than a foot in three attempts. The game ended with the ball in the center of the field and the magnificent "brass" jar is ours for one year more.

Alameda.	The Line-up.	Poly.
Anthony	C.	Kelley
Shattuck	R. G.	Barnes
Gale	R. T.	Adler, Ida
E. Gay, F. Gay	R. E.	Jones
Davis	L. G.	Lutge
Capt. Bruzzone	L. T.	Fratres
D. Bruzzone	L. E.	Heastand
J. Mackie	Q.	Estrella, Harmon
Kiser	R. H.	Gill, Adler
Baum	L. H.	Roncovieri
Ives, P. Mackie	F.	Gunton

Belmont School, Belmont, Cal., April 14, 1910.

Mr. Domingo Bruzzone,
Alameda, Cal.

Dear Bruzzone:—I am very much obliged to you for writing to me for points in favor of the American game, and am, of course, greatly pleased to have you so enthusiastic for its continuance in Alameda. A number of points occur to me that are favorable to the American game.

In the first place the American game is played everywhere in the United States except California. By adopting the English game California has prac-

tically un-Americanized herself, and during the fall has nothing whatever in common with the other parts of the country.

This change has come about through the "rule of thumb" of the presidents of the two universities here; a ruling which, unless a better reason can be given for it than has heretofore been given, need not necessarily be accepted by the schools. It has been unquestionably shown that Rugby produces as many injuries as the American game; that the expense connected with the maintenance of the Rugby team is equal to or greater than that of an American team, and that opportunities for unfairness are just as frequent. In short, there is little to choose between the two games so far as the elements of roughness, expense, condition, etc., are concerned.

It is interesting to note in the report of the A. A. L. for the year (as I recall it, and I am not far out of the way), that while the American football schedule yielded a profit to the association of $500.00, the Rugby season netted but $1.59. From what I have heard regarding the Mission High School team, it appears they went badly in debt last year because the public did not support the game. The college public will support any game where an intercollegiate match occurs, even if it is tiddledy winks, so that the fact that California and Stanford have made the game pay is no sign that the schools will.

The argument is sometimes made that the schools shall play what the colleges do. This I do not think holds good, since a very small percentage of public school boys go to college, and the larger percentage of boys in the schools should have the privilege of choosing their own game.

With regards to the deaths which occur in football, I agree absolutely with President Hadley of Yale, that the game is worth the few deaths it has cost. As a general rule the deaths occur owing to poor management, such as occurred in the West Point game of this year, when the West Point captain was allowed to continue playing long after he was too groggy to look out for himself. He ought to have been taken out fifteen minutes before he had the accident. That the game can be played without danger of this sort is evidenced by the fact that no one has ever been killed at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Williams, Amherst or Dartmouth, besides hundreds of other places.

It will probably interest your fellows to know that a $100 cup has been offered to the American Football Association to go to the champion team in an American league if one is formed.

Lastly, the type of men required for playing Rugby and American football is the same, so that the men now playing the American game will be the ones to have the chance if Rugby is introduced.

If I can do anything else to help you along let me know. Meanwhile you may state that we shall play American football here next term whether any other school plays it or not.

Very sincerely yours,

W. T. Reid, Jr.

The Optimistic Freshman

Turn failure into victory,
  Don't let your courage fade;
And if you get a lemon,
  Why, make a lemonade.

BASEBALL TEAM, 1910.

CAPTAIN MURPHY, 1910.

Baseball

The baseball season opened with a very brilliant outlook, for besides Captain-elect Mackie there were J. Mackie, Kiser, Murphy, E. Gay, Bruzzone and Seagrave of last year's champion team. Others turning out who showed promise were Johns, Willkomm, Sherrard, Thompson, Beach, Maguire, Pollard, Allen and "Glue" Thompson. From this material the team finally selected was:

Pitcher—Paul Mackie, Ed. Beach.
Catcher—James Mackie.
First base—Kiser, Ed. Seagrave.
Second base—Warren Thompson.
Shortstop—Sherrard.
Third base—Murphy.
Leftfield—Elmer Gay.
Centerfield—Emil Bruzzone.
Rightfield—Ed. Seagrave, Claire Seagrave.

The Team.

Paul Mackie, our former pitcher, was beyond doubt the best high school twirler on the Coast besides being a fine hitter and fielder.

James Mackie, who receives the shoots, is a promising young catcher. He works well and has a fine arm.

Herman Kiser on first is a fine hitter and base runner and although his feet get tangled up once in a while he covers the first sack quite well.

Warren Thompson on second is a fast fielder and a fair hitter. He is a hard worker and improves with every game.

Bob Sherrard on short is about the best fielder on the team. His hitting has improved wonderfully, for in the beginning of the season he couldn't hit a balloon, while now he gets one or two hits every game.

Charley Murphy on third is a reliable hitter and fielder and has about the best head on the team (not for a hat).

In the outfield are Gay, Seagrave and Bruzzoni, all veterans of last year's championship team, and all fine fielders, hitters and base runners.

After Paul Mackie left school a vigorous hunt for a pitcher was begun, and in right field Ed. Beach was discovered. Beach has certainly come through with championship material and fills the box as well as it has ever been filled before.

The Season.

Feb. 9, Alameda 7, Polytechnic 9.
Batteries: Mackie, Allen, Pollard, and Maguire, Gill and Thompson.

Feb. 16, Alameda 9, Sacred Heart 9.
Batteries: Mackie and Mackie; French, Cooney and Riordan.

This game was slow and drawn out. The feature of the game was the error contest between Murphy and Kiser. Kiser won by a boot.

Feb. 19, Alameda 2, All Stars 4.
Batteries: Allen and Mackie; Scott and Sparkes.

Feb. 26, Alameda 4, Lowell 2.
Batteries: Mackie and Mackie; Reuther, Street and Smith.

Alameda for the first time showed their real form, Captain Mackie fanned 19 and walked but two, all the team hit well and errors were few and far between.

March 5, Alameda 2, Santa Clara Day Scholars 7.
Batteries: Mackie and Mackie; Hartman and Rutledge.

March 8, Alameda 4, Mission 3.
Batteries: Allen and Maguire; McAfee, Lally and Stafford.

This was a fine fielding game only two errors being recorded and both were chalked up against Mission.

March 10, Alameda 0, Santa Clara 2nd 11.
Batteries: Mackie, Allen and Mackie; Barry and Gallagher.

March 16, Alameda 0, Lick 3.
Batteries: Mackie and Mackie; Nash and Winters.

March 25, Alameda 12, Mission 1.
Batteries: Beach and Mackie; Lally and Stafford.

April 2, Alameda 2, Belmont 3.
Batteries: Mackie and Thompson; Woods and Thorpe.

The Belmont team although they beat us is certainly not in Alameda's class. We had but five of our regular men, still we almost beat them out. The team was beginning to show the coaching of Spike Hennessy and put up a fine game on the field and at bat.

April 9, Alameda 8, Berkeley 3.
Batteries: Mackie and Mackie; Gefkin and Dent.

For the first time in two years Alameda defeated Berkeley and what they did to them was a shame. Alameda bunched their 12 hits well and nearly all of the 8 runs were earned. On the other hand Berkeley should have been shut out, three untimely errors being responsible for their runs.

April 12, Alameda 10, Hitchcock 1.
Batteries: Beach and Mackie; Lutge, Ely and Cruz.

The hitting of the Alameda team and the pitching of Beach proved to be too much for Hitchcock to overcome and they were badly beaten. The whole Alameda team hit well, Kiser getting two three-base hits and a single.

April 16. On this date we were to play Oakland Poly, but when Poly heard that Paul Mackie was going away they decided that they would have to keep the game off at any cost, so they refused to play saying that their delegate would not let them. Alameda would not fall for this so when Poly did not show up on the date selected Alameda claimed the game forfeited. Poly protested and since their friends on the board were in the majority they won the protest. The score of the game shows, however, what a crust they had to protest.

On the next day Paul Mackie left for Eureka to enter the business world. Murphy was elected captain to fill his place. While we regret the fact that we lost one of the best baseball and football players in the A. A. L. we rejoice over the find we made in Ed. Beach, who bids fair to have everything his way before the season is over.

Sub-League Championship.

Alameda 5, Oakland Poly 2.

Once more Alameda is the sub-league champion and the fact that they are is due principally to the steady pitching of Ed. Beach and a timely two-base hit by Emil Bruzzone. Oakland Poly scored their two runs in the second inning when the whole Alameda team seemed to go up in the air.

Alameda put one over in the fourth on a walk, two wild throws and Murphy's sacrifice fly to center. They tied the score in the sixth on a walk, a fielder's choice, a wild throw and an error at the plate. In the eighth Alameda won the game, when with two outs and men on second and third Bruzzone connected for two bases and he also scored on Seagrave's clean two-base hit.

By far the best crowd of the season turned out to the game, and their enthusiasm and constant cheering was an important factor in Alameda's victory.

SEMI-FINALS

Hitchcock 7.
Alameda 6.

THE CUP CAN WAIT ANOTHER YEAR.

You Baseball Girls

"Is de manager of de baseball team in?" The questioner was a female person who walked into the office the other day. She had a large black hat cocked on one side of her head and her demeanor was very mannish to say the least. Doctor Thompson explained that the "manager of de baseball team" wasn't in, or rather that he was very busy with his studies in one of the rooms. Could he do anything for the lady?

"Well, ye know, I jes' blew in here from de east, Chicago, and I thought youse people might wanna git a game with us ladies some Sunday morning." Dr. Thompson explained that the High School baseball team was not allowed to play on Sunday under any consideration, so the "lady manager" might as well go and hunt a game somewhere else.

But no, she was persistent and wanted to see the captain of the team. Murphy came down and the fun commenced.

"Is you de captain of de school ball team? Well I'm signing up all dese good teams around here fer a game wit' us ladies from Chicago. We'll do all de advertising and arranging fer de game, and youse people gits 25% of de gate receipts. Ain't dat a bonna fide offer?"

Murphy said he didn't think it would be practicable and furthermore he knew the High School team couldn't play on Sunday.

"Well, ye see, we ladies is free to do what we want. We ain't got no religion and we play on Sundays. Why jes look here." At this juncture she unfolded some hugh many colored posters of a "lady" in baseball uniform. Murphy gasped and looked out of the window. The big clock on the wall stopped ticking for a moment and the two hands got their fingers crossed in trying to get a peep at the posters. Even the "i's" which was printed on the case in the word California blinked several times, and the statue of Venus de Milo raised one of her broken arms.

However, to make a long story short, the offer was refused and the "Lady Manager" of the "Chicago Ladies' Baseball Team" picked up her duds and walked out. Just as she reached the door, however, she wheeled about and exclaimed with emphasis, "Youse guys are certainly de slowest bunch dis side of de Rockies!"

MEDCRAFT.

?

I.

There's no one so scared of a high school,
  Of scholars and teachers all,
Of being thrown up in a blanket
  And left to come down with a fall,
    As a Freshman.

II.

There's no one so bold in his manner
    As he orders the "Freshies" about;
There's no one more sent to school by his folks
  And then by the faculty kicked out,
    Than a Sophomore.

III.

There's no one who thinks himself smarter,
  But really he doesn't know much;
There's no one who holds his head higher
    O'er red fours and fives and such,
    Than a Junior.

IV.

There's no one who knows so little,
  And knows that he knows it, too,
Who knows this is just a beginning
  Of traveling all life through,
    Like a Senior.

R. W. S., June, '10.

YELL LEADER MASTICK.

TRACK TEAM, 1910.

CAPTAIN SHATTUCK, 1910.

Track and Field

The great trouble with track and field work at the Alameda High School is lack of support, both of athletes and of rooters. We are capable of turning out crack track teams if only the school were back of us. In the last four years we have turned out some good men, men as good as any school could wish for. But a few stars cannot win a track meet. At Stanford last year three men managed by record-breaking work to win the second place cup. If we had had a few other men to get a few third places, we would certainly have brought home the first place cups. Things are, it is true, turning for the better. This year we have about twenty men turning out, about half of whom are freshmen. There is some fine material among the freshmen which will develop strong track and field men if they will only keep at it. This they usually neglect to do. At first it is a novelty to turn out for the track team and sport the white and gold upper before the freshman girls. But when the grind begins to tell, then they are ready to stop. Track work is, without a doubt, the most grinding and monotonous of all athletics, and it takes perseverance and pluck to stick to it and become a point winner in the big meets. But on the other hand when a person gets to the top in track work it is entirely by his own efforts and grit. The two striking examples of stick-to-it-iveness in track are Thorpe and Shattuck. It took two years of the hardest kind of training to become point winners. Everybody with ambition enough can do what they did. Turn out and stick to it. Stick to it regardless of sneers and lack of support and interest in your schoolmates.

Track work is not all drudgery. Twice every term there is a trip to some California city with your expenses paid. On all these trips fifteen men are taken and if a person is willing to get out and train faithfully he can usually get on a trip.

And now we have an interclass cup which is contested for every term. So help the school along, improve your own health, get some free excursions, and engrave your numerals on the Faculty Interclass Track Cup, by turning out and working for the team.

The track team takes this opportunity to thank the Faculty for the Interclass Track Cup and for the interest and good will which goes with it.

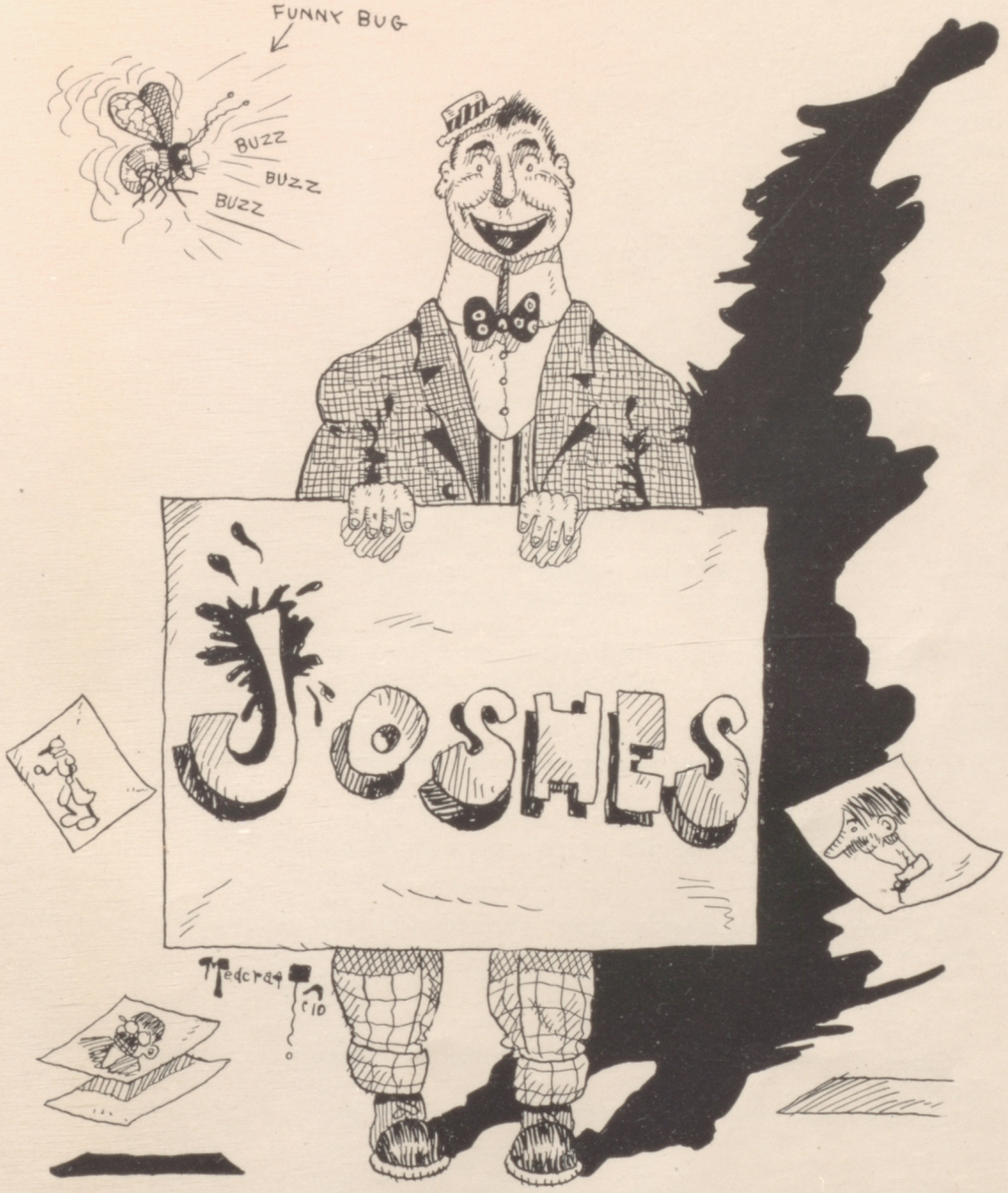
Shattuck was elected captain of the track team for the spring of 1910. There has been a large turn out this term, larger than ever before. With the aid of our all stars and many new men, including Captain Shattuck, Macauley, Thorpe, Cummings, Christensen, Thompson, Perkins, Ninekirk, Hardin, Etter, Tuttle, Powell, Rosenburg, Von Schmidt, and Bruzzone, the track team has got along fairly well. They took fourth in the A. A. L., third in the B. C. A. L., and sixth at Stanford.

The interclass this term was won by the Sophomores, with the Juniors second, Seniors third and Freshmen fourth.

When the team went to San Jose, being unable to swim in mud we took only second place in a three-cornered meet between San Jose, Alameda, and University Pacific.

In the Bay Counties Cummins tied with Todd of Oakland in the quarter mile at 51 1-5, thus breaking Macauley's B. C. A. L. record of 51 3-5.

The season is over now and it is the earnest desire of everyone concerned that everybody not in for football, turn out for track and make the season a success. The retiring members of the team, wish the school every success next year.


FUNNY BUG
BUZZ
BUZZ
BUZZ
JOSHES
Tedcrag
'10

NOTICE.

It is obvious that there are two of the faculty who are vieing with each other to see who can get his name in the josh columns more often than the other. Guess who they are!

It is claimed that the Alameda High School is not cosmopolitan, but the following disproves that claim:

Conde De Sulu Principe de los Islas Fili-Peanuts..Señor Ramon Maytorena
Graf von Hapsburg.....Herman Kiser
Baron No. A. Count.....Ben Jost
King of Conclavia.....Jack Rene
Past Grand Master Ancient Order of Hibernians.....Chas. Murphy
Ex-Mayor of South Boston.....Warren Thompson
Grand Patriarch of Jerusalem.....Harry Austen
Ex-Viking.....Chester Eschen
Ex-ruler Giovanni Palazzo De Vecchi.....Emil Bruzzone
King of Sandwich Islands.....Dan Medcraft

COAL OIL PAINTINGS.

Picture Dan Medcraft telling a good joke,
Picture Rene when he's not broke.

Picture Eschen not falling in love,
Picture Bill Gale ever going above.

Picture Dick Allen playing a race,
Picture Herman Kiser saying grace.

Picture Wolff in history for one minute quiet,
Picture Woodin and Tuttle raising a riot.

Picture Eschen riding (with Vera) in Dodge's machine,
Picture Anthony talking in English without being seen.

Picture Murphy as an exalted saint,
But all of these pictures no artist could paint.

A Freshman soon after vacation showed a picture of himself, sitting on a donkey, to a Senior. "Isn't it a good picture of me?"

"Yes," said the Senior, "but who is that on your back?"

Smart Post-Grad.—Conductor, when the car stops, which end shall I get off at?

Conductor—It doesn't matter. Both ends stop.

Well, what do you think? "Mooney" Mallon had the German measles. Whoever heard of the Irish mixing with the Dutch? Maybe "Swede" Eschen will be having the Chinese fever.

Mr. Marshall (reading)—With the aid of Jehovah, I have gotten me a man. (Most of the girls in school became terribly religious and are strong for divine interference.)

Jan. 10. Entered captivity again. Too many knee pants among Freshmen.
Jan. 11. Freshmen hazed, i. e., Shattuck looked them over for track material. We deplore such rough work from a P. G.
Jan. 25. Small students chucked from Jap poolroom.
Jan. 26. Small students chucked from school.
Jan. 27. Small students reinstated. Heroes.
Feb. 8. Shattuck roasts student body.
Feb. 15. Baseball team wins game.
Mar. 1. Ramon leaves school.
Six week later, returns a la Davis.
Mar. 20. D. Bruzzone elected Football Captain.
Mar. 2. Baseball suits come.
Suits may come,
Suits may go,
But Pete's suit goes on forever.
Mar. 15. Marshall fails to make joke to-day.
Mar. 16. Minium makes up for it.
Mar. 7. People commence to knock Extravaganza.
Mar. 9. Ned says we have no school spirit.
Mar. 12. Extravaganza fools us. Fine success.
Feb. 20. Ex. committee gives track team suits. Goodness only knows they need them.
Apr. 6. René returns to school.
Apr. 7. Marshall changes Lorraine's seat.
Apr. 15. Alameda defeats Berkeley, baseball.
Apr. 22. Alameda defeats Oakland, baseball.
Apr. 23. Poly. defaults and protests. Reason, Mackie gone.
Apr. 26. Beach slips one over on Poly. Score 5-2. Poly. attempts to root. Bum success, owing to Kiser, Joost and Co.
Apr. 27. Kiser stays away from Orpheum and goes to school.
Apr. 28. Strain too great. Leaves permanently.

Our Ideal Girl.		Our Ideal Boy.
Rita D.	Eyes	Red G.
Marjorie H.	Brain	Ernest B.
Vinnie R.	Hair	Bull L.
Leona K.	Ears	Robert C.
Lorraine J.	Mouth	Harold L.
Winnie O'.	Smile	Herman K.
Pauline S.	Style	Ed. S.
Ruth H.	Manner	Doc. H.
Bessie T.	Temper	Warren T.
Dorothy T.	Nose	Bob W.
Vera B.	Fickleness	Edwin A.
Jean V.	Steadiness	Paul M.
Florence F.	Daintiness	Issey C.
Some answers may be obtained to this question by sending a two-cent stamp to the Josh editor.	All around "class"	?
	Length	Geo. M.
	Plumpness	Paul F.
	Wit	Murphy

THE SENIOR HISTORY CLASS.

J. R.—In the middle of the night, Farragut took his schooner and crossed the bar and——

Mr. Marshall—Robbed the till, eh?

One day Mr. Agard amused the High Senior English Class with this little story:

Little Boy—Papa, are there any lady angels?

Father—No, Willie, just men angels.

Little Boy—Why, I've never seen any pictures of angels with beards on.

Father—Of course you haven't sonny, for it is only by a close shave that men can get to heaven.

Fat Wolff—I had some luck this morning. I dropped my watch in the river three days ago and I found it this morning. It kept on running.

Clint. De Witt—You don't mean to say the watch ran for three days?

Fat Wolff—No, I was speaking of the river. Please pass the cheese.

There was a young lady named Fitch,
  Who heard a loud snoring, at which
She took off her hat and found that her rat
  Had fallen asleep at the switch!

If Vera should put herself out to make candy for the school once in a while, we would have to Dodge it.

Dr. Staley—Is that your mother's signature, Jack?

"As near as I could get it."

Miss Haworth (in geometry)—What is a straight line?

Adams—A straight line is a line which is not bent at either end.

HEARD ON THE "CAMPUS."

"Goodness only knows Ah need it."
"Eighteen inches of granite."
"Katherine never came to-day."
"Million-dollar arm and a five-cent head."
"I got a sister home who kin throw better than that."
"Aw, teech'."
"Now, Claire."
"Twa-ta-twa-twa."
"What you got, old boy?"
"Has any one seen mah cap? The one with the gray stripe in it."
"What's the matter with the souper?"
"Pass the corn cakes."
"You'd make a good tombstone, Glue!"

Mr. Minium (while talking about composition of United States money)—Can any one tell me what is in this nickel?

Timid Voice (after long and weary wait)—I know, Mr. Minium. Five cents.

Bessie Irvy writes Mississippi on blackboard.
Teacher—That's making eyes, isn't it?

Why did Miss Hewett drop mechanical drawing?
Because she was no king and couldn't rule.

HEARD IN HISTORY.

There were two ridges side by side, Seminary and Cemetery. The names are not important, as they are practically the same.

A GOOD EXCUSE.

Please excuse Mary's absence, as she was not at school this morning.

"George, take the life of Napoleon."
George—I can't, he is dead already.

Who said court Marshall?

When is a resistance-box like the horses of a fire engine?
When the plugs are all in.

Gentle Mr. Agard is bloodthirsty.
Why?
Because he takes "Life."

A Marshallogram (speaking of the present Congress): "It's time for that Cannon to explode."

Watch Wolff, he eats them alive (Acorns).

The High Senior Class, a bunch of sheep with a Wolff as a leader.

Woodin in Hist.
Lee at Appomatox Court House came upon a bunch of calvary.

A world beater. Marshall: I remember an awful dry season in Chicago. We had to drive cattle twenty miles and ford three streams to get water.

Wolff and Miss Crow prompting.
T. M.—It is natural for some animals to make a noise.

Shocking ! ! !
In the physics' class Mr. Minium had all the boys and girls holding hands, while he ran the electrical machine. The students were shocked, but Mr. Minium was not—he being an old hand at the business.

Song by Marshall: "I'm a poor married man."

Dr. D'Evelyn—I'm going to tell you about your new relative, Aunty Tuberculosis.

TOLD IN THE HIGH SENIOR HISTORY CLASS.

A Northern man and a Southern man were one day walking down the street, and they met a colored man and nodded to him.

"If you spoke to him, how would you address him? He is too high up to be called a nigger and he's too low to call him Mr.," asked the Northern man.

"Well, I'd split the difference and call him 'Professor,'" was the reply.

Mr. Minium (giving the critical angle for different materials)—It is 48.5 for water and 23 for diamonds for me!

Does everybody agree that "Hygiene will make a good substitute for high jinks"?

IN PHYSICS.

The Instructor—Here's a tree——
Anna Dodge—Is it the family tree?

Mr. Marshall thinks there's nothing nicer than to go skating down the river on a frosty night with a girl on each arm!

Mr. Thorpe, who had charge of the Physics Class in Mr. Minium's absence, drew a diagram on the board of a pencil in a jar of water. However, he was careless enough to make a round end instead of the regular point.

Miss Ansel—Teacher, I don't see the point.

Mr. Marshall—They don't give a—er—a—that is, they don't care.

Why can you tell Mr. Agard is such a magnetic character?
Because you can see the lines of force in his face.

Mr. Minium in H. S. Physics, making electricity with a cat skin.
Bright Senior—Is that a north or south polecat?

Teacher—I am surprised at your ignorance. Have you never seen any books?

Senior—Oh, yes, sir—in a number of cases.

Mr. Marshall—Don't you think that too much dinner is worse than not enough?

Robert Wolff—I'll take a chance on too much dinner.

Mr. Marshall—Well, you look the part, Robert.

The Editor and Manager left on the early steamer this morning for Honduras. Detectives have been put on the case.